



AS a result of the Congress decision to cut expenditure on its overseas information service, says a report, there is to be a sharp and unexpected reduction in staff at the U.S. Information Service centre in Grosvenor Square, where a spokesman told an interviewer, "Congress is in a mood of economy." Even for an Information Service spokesman this seems magnificently restrained.

No Unifying Bangs, Please

PROBLEMS lie ahead of the St. Pancras Borough Council who, having declined to organize any civil defence of their own, are now going to have it organized for them by Mr. A. R. Beaumont, O.B.E., the Home Secretary's nominee for the job. Now the Council will have to decide how far their ethics will be allowed to rule their civics. Having decided not to have any civil defence, are they in honour bound to resist its imposition? Will Mr. Beaumont have to work without equipment or manpower, ostracized by leaders of municipal life, unable even to borrow

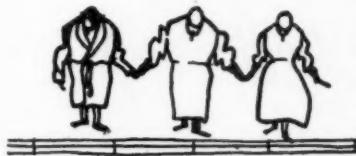


a bit of chalk to draw an atomic mushroom on the blackboard? Or will there be a humiliating climb-down, with the Mayor grudgingly presiding at a display of asbestos suiting, only to tell reporters later that he remains against the whole thing in principle? There seems no really satisfactory solution to it all, except the one that even the St. Pancras Borough Council presumably don't want.

Theatregoers All

ALL reports agree on the immense success of the closed-circuit television

broadcast from Bart's, and it can only be a matter of time before one of the more enterprising programme companies secures a series for the wider viewing public, starting with a simple tonsillectomy and ending with a block dissection of the neck. Viewers have had all they want of childbirth, tropical disease, lung cancer and madhouse documentaries. They deserve to move on. That apart, there will be two other notable advantages—a much-needed



spur to the perfection of TV colour techniques, and a revival of the dying art of conversation: there has never been anything to set the talk rolling like a really interesting operation.

Chiltern Hundreds and Thousands

ACCORDING to a report in the Press a Liberal Party meeting under Mr. Grimond's chairmanship gave an enthusiastic welcome to proposals by the Parliamentary Group for World Government for the recruitment, by the United Nations, of an international "police force" of 20,000 men. The meeting felt strongly that they should seize their best chance of getting a report in the Press since the sad loss of Mr. Douglas Home.

Importance of Being

WITH even the small fry now paid their Premium Bond winnings all that remains of the great draw is the gaiety of Mr. Ernest Marples, still scenting the occasion's memory. His high spirits were such that the word "quipped" appeared in several reports, an early quip being "You've all read in your papers to-day of the big bang in Australia—this morning we are

going to have the big draw in England." This had the incidental advantage of mollifying a lot of anti-H-Bomb agitators. Even they felt that there was something to be said for exploding the equivalent of 5,000,000 tons of T.N.T. if it handed Mr. Marples a neat antithesis like this.

Chance for the "Herald"

REPORTS by gossips that the future occupant of a St. James's Palace "grace-and-favour" apartment which is now being completely renovated "has yet to be decided" have cheered up newspaper competition editors everywhere.

More Crazy Internationalism

"THERE is something rotten in the state of Denmark," said Mr. S. C. Mason, Director of Education for Leicestershire, speaking of the county's intention to do away with the 11-plus examination, and alleging serious flaws in a system which made people feel a



sense of inferiority at not having attended a grammar school. Leicestershire parents who didn't are still waiting to know where Denmark comes in.

Fair Shares Move—Latest

"SITE for Steel Plant Chosen: Hopes dashed in West Wales" may have conveyed to the casual reader the idea that yet another peaceful rural community was to have the horrors of civilization forced upon it. In fact the report under the headlines dealt with the disappointment of a deputation from West Wales, which had come to beg the Ministry of Supply

to build a £160,000,000 steel plant there, only to find that it had been decided to build it at Newport, Mon., instead. Though the incident seems a dismal commentary on the present state of the Natural Beauty v. Fatter Pay-packet conflict, good may yet come out of it. Many generous-hearted communities who already have more steel plants than they need—not to mention airfields, atomic reactors, experimental rocket sites and hydro-electric schemes—may now rush forward urging West Wales to take them and welcome.

Ill Wind

THE Nepalese who have been invoking their rain god to end a drought in the Katmandu valley are said to have looked thoughtful over a recent report from Burma. There the rain prayers of a thousand priests produced a storm that ripped the roof of Mandalay's central gaol and released thirty-five convicts.

Another Lark's Tongue, Dad?

MR. CHARLES FLETCHER-COOK, M.P., gave reporters some fine, vigorous stuff the other day as he told them why he was supporting the Duke of Norfolk in his struggle to keep Arundel Castle's roof over his head. But it was psycho-

logically unsound to hope for a mass response to such remarks as "We don't want this place to become like a prawn



"How about giving the Mayflower crew
the fright of their lives?"

in aspic." The reference must have been lost on so many.

Get Your Forged Visa Here

BUILDING up a tourist industry behind the iron curtain is not the simple

matter it is in the free West, and an official article in a Latvian newspaper has warned readers to keep their eyes skinned for "foreign agents who might enter the country disguised as tourists." However, this has given an idea to London travel agencies whose clients have swooned on learning the cost of entering the iron curtain countries as tourists, and they are now recommending that disguise as foreign agents should be regarded as practically the only way.

Lord Hailsham, Please Note

HEAD teachers are encouraged, in a publisher's leaflet currently circulating, to apply for a specimen copy of four new "Blue Stories" for children, and are assured that they are "set in the same type" as earlier works in the series, "and give further practice in the same vocabulary, no new words being added."

Striking the Colours

IN blazing new trails to Madrid or Marseilles

Our airmen encounter a snag;
For the maxim to-day, *à la mode* B.E.A.,
Is, Trade follows the lack of the flag.

Lord Hailes Calypso

To be sung by happy West Indians on the arrival of their new Governor-General.

TO-DAY is a happy day for all,
When we welcome our Governor-General,
So everyone got to raise a paan
To greet his arrival in de Caribbean!

*Hail to Lord Hailes of Prestonkirk,
Who is coming to make Federation work!*

Seem like in de London papers' eyes
De appointment come as a big surprise,
But loyal West Indians always yearn
To be governed by Mr. Buchan-Hepburn.

And now dey got extra cause to cheer,
'Cause our gracious Queen raise him up a peer,
Which everyone knew he sure to be
When dey watch him from de Strangers Galleree.

Cassandra's column was very coarse
To write about Caligula and his horse;
A better story it seem to me
Is de one about Trilby and Svengalee.

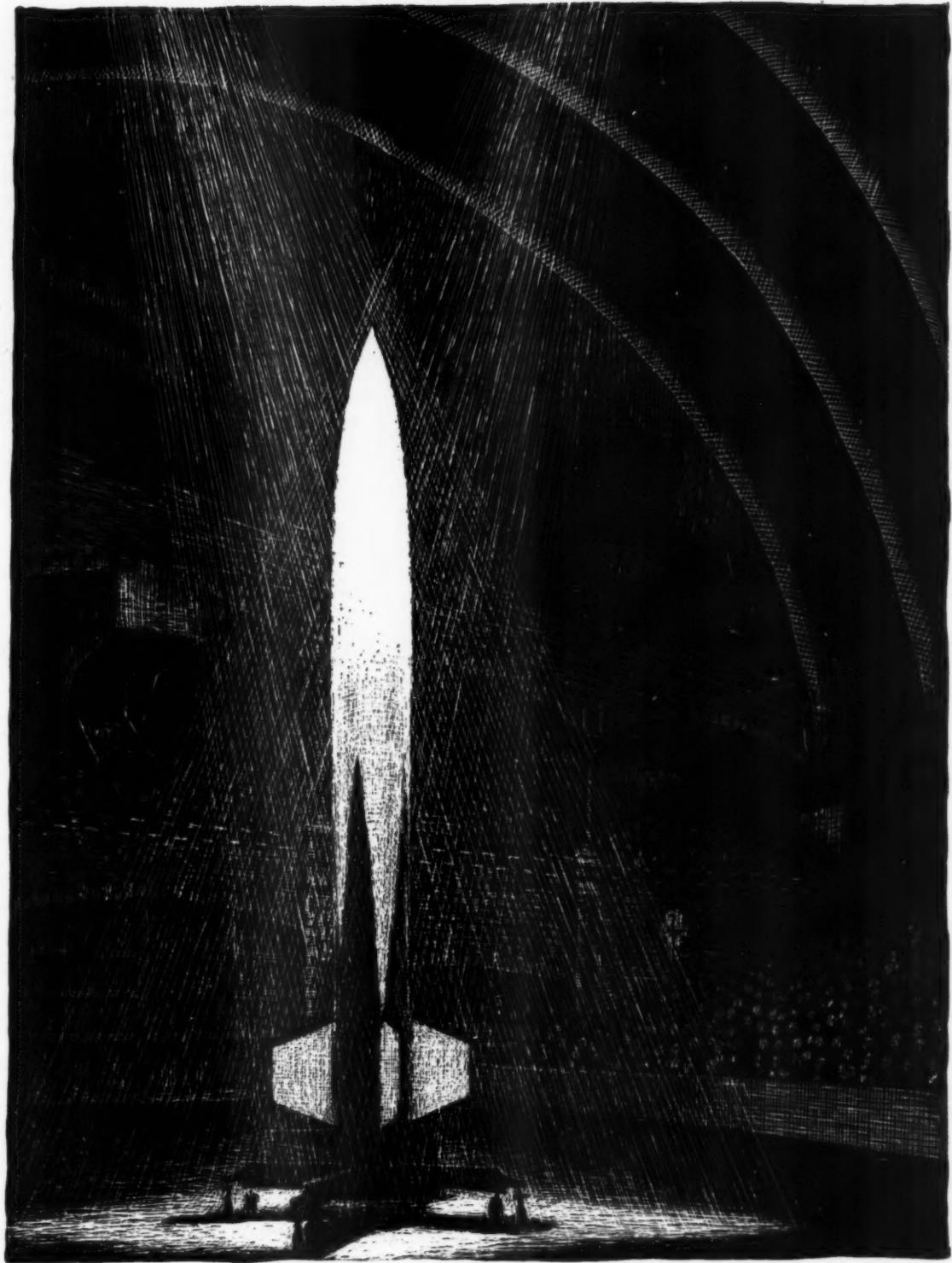
Some say Sir Hugh Foot, he been done down,
'Cause he governed Jamaica with great renown;
But one thing dat man, he never can be
Is brought up at Harrow and Trinitree.

Some say Sir Stephen Luke de man,
'Cause he work out de federation plan;
But Sir Stephen certain to get a snub,
'Cause he ain' a member of de Carlton Club!

But Lord Hailes is a very experienced man
And a friend of Premier MacMillan;
He sit seventeen years in Parliament
And become Chief Whip to de Government.

And qualifications same as these
Are needed to govern de West Indies.
With good politicians we well supplied;
Lord Hailes just got to look dignified.

*Hail to Lord Hailes of Prestonkirk,
Who is coming to make Federation work!*



ROYAL TOURNAMENT 195—?

Pass the Can

By GWYN THOMAS

WHEN the Belmont Parent-Teachers Association was formed I supported the Head warmly and did for the project the secretarial best I could. I thought it would help me enormously in my chosen hobby of straightening the impulses of those boys who tend at the first boom of adolescence to withdraw on to a margin of malignant sulks.

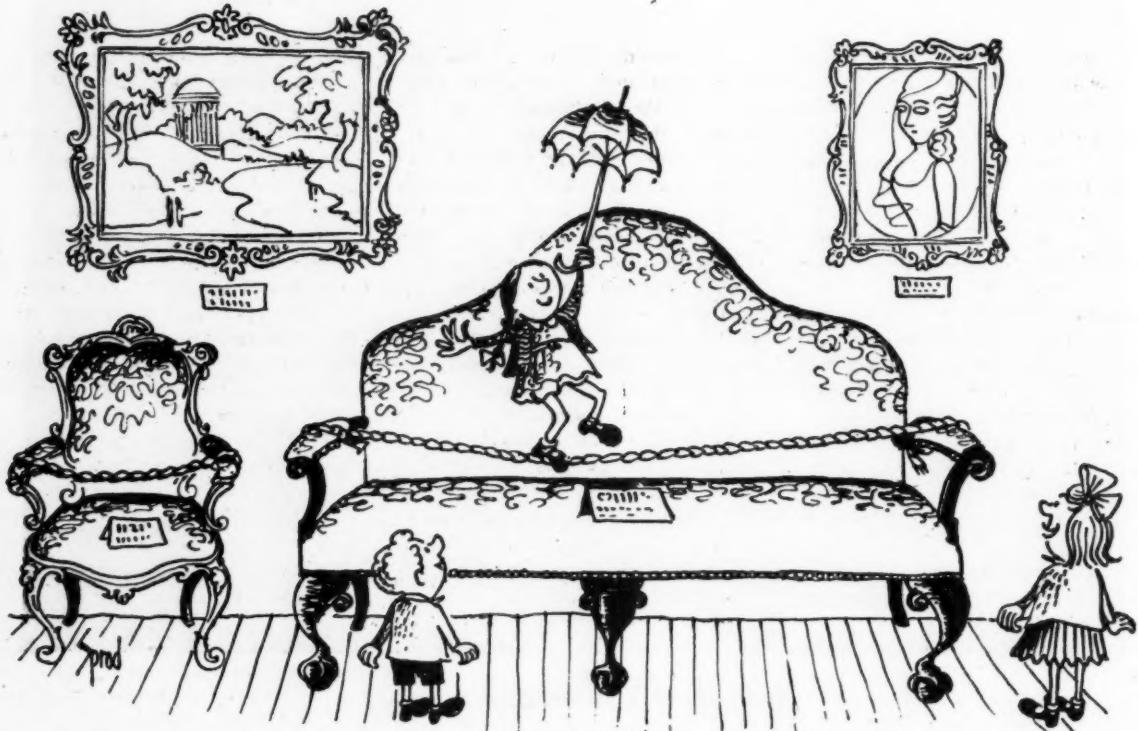
But the body had drifted out of our control into that of a hollow-headed and flippant caucus of hedonists. They had entered on a round of whist-drives and olde-tyme dancing. I found these activities ruinous. In the whist games, where I had a poor grasp of the rules, I would spend most of my time staring solicitously into the eyes of mothers, hoping that they would divine my constructive sympathy with their young, suddenly lay down their cards and pour out the list of their current calamities and festering traumas that were now leading their children into moral breakdown or mental collapse. But I never saw one woman in all those interminable drives slacken her interest in the cards.

Either they were happy or callous. But my staring and my preoccupation with the dark and weeping undersides of life played the bear with my own playing. My casual manner in sorting and discharging my hand helped create combinations of cards that had never before been seen on any table. I got several bruises on the legs from male parents because of this, but the pleading, priestly way in which I looked at their wives might also have had something to do with it.

The Olde Tyme or Barn Dancing had been no better. Mr. Eddie Flook, the timber merchant, had a boy in the first form and Flook had emerged as a dynamic parent. Flook's own father, a rocky pietist who had abolished even coughing from the big diaconal seat as being too sensual, had kept Flook firmly under his hymnal. The old man was now dead and Flook was now burning into a hard flame of pleasure-love. The phobias he had managed to rescue from the slow smoulder of the years fell in around this notion of barn dancing. He appeared at the dances of the

Association in check shirts and shouting what, for Belmont, were such inscrutable slogans as "Timber!" "Hiya, Hank, keep it rolling!" and he also had a way of clapping hands to give out the beat. There was a lot of talk that Flook must be secretly drunken to account for these antics, but I did not agree with this. Just not having Flook's father to look at was worth a bottle of Scotch in terms of stimulation. Flook appointed himself a leader in all dances that called for high hopping, and his zeal was such that all the dances seemed to be of this type. Naturally I had to try to keep up with him, and as a result my legs will keep leaving the ground at an unnatural pace till the day I die.

My colleague, Pomfray, was against the Association from the start. The place of parents, he said, was in the home, giving suck, groceries, school fees, a grounding in manners and hygiene to the young. Give them even an inch of admission to the school and they would have discipline and curricula worn instantly to the canvas. Pomfray was a real Spartan in these things,





making only the reservation that he was always willing to take a chance on the nurture of a child while being agreeable to having more parents exposed on hill-sides. I could not go all the way with Pomfray in these views, but I was glad all the same when Flook, going from one frenetic excess to another, caused a crisis that sent the Association racing back to a cooler tack.

Flook turned up to one of the Monday evening dances, now constantly of the barn or square type, in a most challenging costume. He was wearing not only a check shirt but had the tails of this shirt hanging out. There may be spots on the earth where this would suggest a reckless, party air. But in Belmont, where they make a fetish of tucking even neuroses in tightly, such a way of wearing a shirt would indicate only that one has left home in gross and unpardonable haste. Flook also brought along a large, brown stone bottle. Flook is not a strong man and he practically had to roll this article in from his car.

He was wearing a hat that had been presented to him by a Canadian lumberman and the lumberman must have assumed that Flook would have a standing tree inside the brim with him. At first glance Flook looked like a hat roughly stuffed with check material. The sight of him rolling that bottle brought his turn-out to a high finish.

The Headmaster was with me, just inside the main door. He stepped back into the shadows of the cloakroom when he saw Flook. He was distressed and said quietly to me that all he could hope was that Flook was on his way to some other function. Bottles and shirts were both things that set his case-hardened chapel taboos booming like old cannon. Flook carrying a normal bottle in the ordinary way with only a fraction of shirt showing would have upset him and caused him to see sin riding large and fast towards him. But Flook dressed as he was and rolling that enormous glugging jar on to Council property tore his gown right up the back.

Mrs. Flook slipped over into our corner and explained that earlier that evening Flook had made a bonfire of all the pictures of his father and relatives that had been hanging in the house and giving him regular attacks of the gripe since boyhood. The smoke of the bonfire, said Mrs. Flook, had made Flook a little lightheaded. But going up close to Flook I thought I detected a smell of apple which a drinking man on the committee told me afterwards was the smell of cider. At that moment Flook took off his great hat and let out some uncouth shouts which he later claimed were legitimate examples of the mating cry used in Kentucky by lovers working across the broader sort of valley. And he suggested, with the most wanton look that can ever have been worn by a conscious timber-merchant, that some people's voices and gonads must have shrunk in their long traffic with the narrower type of Welsh valley. The Head whispered to me that Flook was unquestionably suffering from some

drastic pressure on the brain linked with that hat and his loose appearance about the middle, and he hinted that Flook might have a second jar of drink inside the stetson.

Then Flook brought the jar to rest. He slapped it and said "Applejack. The long fermented juice of the apple. As good as proof whisky if you drink it in the right setting."

He took off his hat and handed it to me. I moved it up and down briskly in front of the Head trying to keep him cool and with us.

"Mr. Jessop," said Flook to the Head, "we are going to make a real barn of the old hall to-night. We are really going to take a shroud off." He repeated the last sentence loudly and there was a fringe of dementia trailing from every word; I could see that in some way Flook was dancing on the grave of his father who had accounted a week wasted in which he did not have a long march in a first-rate funeral. If it rained his day was made and he'd ask for an encore.

With another Kentuckian yell Flook went into a rapid jig. The Head walked quietly away, saying that he was going to have his inhibitions rebushed and that he would also make an appointment for Flook. As I saw him off the premises he

muttered that Flook would in all probability be exposed shortly as the man behind that load of unseasoned timber bought for our war memorial sports pavilion which had achieved such a degree of warping that visiting teams would glance in, suspect a trap, and stay outside.

Mrs. Flook, slipping a crutch under her embarrassment, said it would be nice if I could nip down to the canteen and get some glasses to join them in a round of cider. I told her that I was not allowed to touch apples in any shape or form, at least not in the company of a man dressed like Flook. But I had already taken a few steps towards the canteen when there was a loud shout from Flook which called me to a halt. He was on his feet as glowing and sportive as ever. "Glasses?" he said, and his teeth were spinning with contempt. "That's not mountain talk. You just throw it on to your shoulder and shoot it into the mouth from there." He tried to swing at the handle of the jar and almost went on his face again. "Take it easy, Flook," I said, hearing the sound of other parents' cars coming into the school yard and dreading the effects if they accepted and went through the evening pitched on the key that Flook had in mind. I brushed aside Mrs. Flook who was again trying to explain to me about the effect on Flook of that smoke from the frowning portraits. "Flook," I said, "know and accept the limits of your strength and I shall explain your appearance and conduct to the other parents as the fruit of some kind of sawdust poisoning."

The man did not hear. His mood had its lips drawn back over some terrible desperation. His impulse to revel was rising from the ashes of his father's recumbent beard. His wishes were coloured and mad for flight like the dragonflies that zoom through the dark and shadowed places of our glades. He wanted to prove something with that jug. He got hold of it again and was patently trying to arrange his muscles in some pattern he had seen in an old print or film about the cider drinkers of America. His wife was bending at his side despite his efforts to push her away. "This is Flook's night," he said, and he told me in a murmur some story of two uncles of his who had vowed never to shave after being jilted by girls who had run off and married drunkards.

These two people had thrown Flook into a water butt when he had come to their house, his breath suffused with the smell of two half pints. They had carried him to the water, their beards reaching down to his face, and that was the only fun they had had in thirty years, tickling Flook to death until he was really glad to get into the butt.

Flook groaned as he reached the peak of his effort to get the cider jar into easy movement. His wife had placed her hand over his lower abdomen and I did not see how this was going to help Flook. She must have felt my question because she said "The doctor told me that all the Flooks have abnormally feeble abdominal partitions. If he swings that thing at all awkwardly he will need a surgical support of balsa wood to keep standing through the Christmas rush." The mention of wood touched a professional nerve in Flook and his muscles came to rest. "That's remarkable stuff, that balsa," he said. "Have you ever read about those rafts?" I was delighted to hear Flook start talking about wood and books, and I was going to tell him about the record number of books I had read about voters drifting across the Pacific on balsa. I even urged him to go home at once and start building one. It was a mistake. I should have let him keep on talking. On my second sentence he made his last convolution to strike a classic pose with the jug. His body was low as the jug rose. The jug must have risen too high or the shoulder must have sunk too low. Flook gave a long cry as it hit the bone. Flook had broken his collar bone and, although I did not suffer the pain of it as intimately as he, I will say that I thought it a cheap enough price to be saved the further embarrassment that would have been inevitable had Flook been let loose in that state on a full meeting of parents.

But, as I said, with Flook in eclipse we've managed to draft a sombrely academic programme for the coming winter.

* * *

"The inhabitants of Bewdley's 'Lax Lane' have a perfect answer to those 'wits' who taunt them with the idleness that the name implies. This notice is on the side of the house in which Stanley Baldwin was born . . ."—*Birmingham Mail*

There's a perfect answer to that somewhere, too.





"It says 'Self portrait.'"

ULYSSES*

CHAPTER TWO OF THE NOVEL EVERYONE HAS READ

By JAMES JOYCE†

IN yesterday's opening chapter you met Stephen Dedalus, who loved walking alone on the sands. No hint yet of the dramatic events which were to rock all Dublin...

MR. LEOPOLD BLOOM ate with relish the inner organ of beasts and fowls. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang.

He moved about the kitchen softly, righting her breakfast things on the humpy tray.

The cat walked stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high.

"Mkgnao!"

"Oh, there you are!" Mr. Bloom said, turning from the fire.

He went to the dresser, took the jug, poured warm-bubbled milk on a saucer and set it slowly on the floor.

A Kidney

ON quietly creaking boots he went up the staircase to the hall, paused by the bedroom door.

"I am going round the corner. Be back in a minute."

On the doorstep he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey. Not there. In the trousers I left off. No use disturbing her. He pulled the hall door to after him very quietly. All right till I come back, anyhow.

He halted before Dlugacz's window, staring at the hanks of sausages, polonies, black and white.

A kidney oozed bloodgouts on the willow-patterned dish.

* Pronounced "You-liss-ease."



LEOPOLD

He knew exactly where the tap-water came from . . .

WHEN a book has been proved beyond question to be great, this newspaper is not afraid to serialize it. Handsome men and glamorous women, whose names are on all lips, who dine in the most exclusive restaurants of Europe, have praised this book lavishly. It is news. We therefore print it. Here. For you. In English. With trimmings. Because reading is good. Good for the up-and-coming. The alert. The man or woman who will one day travel first class.



MOLLY

Her singing turned men's heads . . .

EIGHTY-FOUR million people have heard of this book. Can YOU afford to miss it? It has been

acclaimed by the world's highest-paid critics—

considered as a film vehicle for many controversial stars—banned, burned, and broadcast—

smuggled into the country—

translated into many top-ranking languages—

read by the eminent, the fabulous, the stardust-sprinkled.

It is a MUST for every go-ahead thinking person in the land. For it poses a question. A question that has to be faced. Faced by every ambitious husband as he sets out. Out on his journey. His journey up the ladder. The ladder of opportunity. Here is the question posed by this fearless, highly-praised book:—

Should a young husband bring a male acquaintance to his home for cocoa late at night?

How would you answer this dynamic, up-to-the-minute question? Can you afford to ignore it? If so, how rich are you? Are you going to be a top-flight executive? If not, why don't you read some other paper?

"Threepence, please."

His hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into a side-pocket. Then it fetched up three coins from his trousers pocket and laid

them on the rubber prickles. They lay, were read quickly and quickly slid, disc by disc, into the till.

He turned into Eccles Street, hurrying homeward.

† Abridged by Alex Atkinson.

Two letters and a card lay on the hall floor. He stopped and gathered them. Mrs. Marion Bloom. His quick heart slowed at once. Bold hand. Mrs. Marion. "Poldy!"

Yellow

ENTERING the bedroom he half-closed his eyes and walked through warm yellow twilight towards her towed head.

"Who are the letters for?"

TOMORROW

Enter
Boylan

Candidus and the Workers

By LORD KINROSS

THE limousine turned in at the lodge gates, between neat beds of wallflowers, then glided up the drive through a gentlemanly park, where sheep slumbered prosperously among immemorial trees. At the head of it the castle loomed upwards in battlemented dignity, the gardeners raking at its gravel sweep and rolling at its lawns, while a pair of heraldic stone gryphons stood sentinel over it, looking down across the plain to the mouth of the Tees. A butler ran down the steps, opened the door of the car, and ushered Candidus out of it with a gesture of suitable deference. My visitor paused for a moment before the great feudal façade and exclaimed "This is indeed a stately home."

"A stately castle," I corrected.
"Wilton Castle."

"It is inhabited, of course, by a nobleman?"

"No. By Imperial Chemical Industries."

The butler led us through the hall and down a long, thickly-carpeted passage to an oak-panelled room, its ceiling liberally embossed with Plantagenet roses. Here our host greeted us affably and offered us tea.

"He is the Imperial Chemist?" Candidus inquired in a whisper.

"No. The Chief Accountant."

"Yes, it's a nice little property," the gentleman was saying. "We bought it from the Lowthers. Two thousand acres of hill land. Grazing mostly. Apart from the low ground of course, where we built the factory."

"It is naturally a very ancient castle?" inquired Candidus, looking around him in amazement.

The Chief Accountant smiled. "Late Victorian. But there's an earlier part, about 1820. Smirke. It's in Neale's *Country Seats*." He reached up to a shelf for the book, and showed Candidus the plates. "But now you'd like to see the factory. I'll take you down there. I'm rather worried about the planting of the delphiniums outside the Process Block."

Driving slowly, in obedience to a notice, through a farmyard and around a dung-heap, we arrived at its gates. Within vistas of broad avenues spread away to *rond-points*. Rows of imposing

pipes ran down and around them, between well-trimmed lawns and flower beds. One of the avenues was called Nitrates Avenue, another Piccadilly. A notice read: "Transport Drivers, Keep off the Flower Beds." From the rooftops of bright, contemporary buildings flags waved gaily in the breeze. Emblazoned on each of them was a pair of calipers, embracing a gear-wheel.

"They're allowed to hoist them," our guide said, "when they've done two hundred accident-free hours. Nylon are well ahead at the moment. Polythene have had to haul theirs down, poor things, because one of their men twisted his ankle getting off the bus. I'm going to hand you over to them now. I'll see you at dinner up at the castle this evening. I can promise you a nice white Burgundy, and there's an Amon-tillado I'd like you to try."

"Who's Polythene?" asked Candidus.

"It's a plastic," I answered. "It comes from Ethylene, which comes from oil. Like Terylene. Ask these charming young gentlemen."

There were three of them, wearing tweed jackets and grey flannel trousers and sporting waistcoats. "They are dressed," murmured Candidus, with some disapproval, "as for hunting game or shooting foxes."

"Shooting game or hunting foxes," I corrected. "More likely it's racing, at this time of year. Or fishing in the Tees."

The young men suggested a stroll round the works. We strolled among the huge machines, compressors and transformers, condensers and catalysts, all painted in tasteful shades of lime-green, turquoise-blue, primrose-yellow and dove-grey. There was hardly anybody about: only a man here gently agitating a lever with his finger, to help crush a red-hot brick with a giant sledge-hammer; another there sitting at a telephone and turning an occasional valve, before a screen covered with oscillating dials, a few more

casually watching the machines at work, much as keepers watch the animals in the Zoo.

There were machines brewing tea for them, and an occasional nice bright furnace, to keep them warm. A notice gave instructions as to how to deal with Apparent Death from Electric Shock. But the young men laughed this off gaily; such a thing hardly ever happened, and indeed the commodious hospital, built near-by in the contemporary style, was totally empty of patients.

"But this is a *factory*?" asked Candidus.

"Certainly, the best of all possible."

"Then where are the workers?"

The young men laughed at this, and explained to Candidus the blessings of automation. The machines did the work. All that was needed was a few men to watch them; and rather more men to manage the men watching them; and of course quite a few gardeners to mow the lawns and weed the flower beds. There was talk now of an Automatic Office as well, in which most of the managing would be done by electronic machines. When we had seen all this the young men took us off for a drink in an elegant, contemporary canteen, where there were a few more workers, driving golf-balls off mats into nets.

But Candidus was still puzzled and not wholly satisfied. So next day we crossed the river to Billingham, where there was a larger, uglier, rather dirtier factory.

"This is better," he said at once. "There are fewer flowers—and more workers. Here perhaps they make more





"Excellent sermon: as good as a twelve-inch double in the national dailies."

serious products, not only all those materials called so prettily after girls."

"They make ammonia, which comes from air and water. It's used for fertilizing flowers, or for exploding missiles, or just for turning back into air and water."

In a kind of cathedral, filled with fertilizer, a worker approached Candidus. He said he was a shop steward. "I was never backward in coming forward," he said. He talked a great deal to Candidus. He complained of many things. His job was to load things on to trucks. He was not paid enough money. Only £1,000 a year. He referred to strikes for more money in neighbouring

factories. He left Candidus in a daze. When he had gone, doubling back to his job, Candidus exclaimed "But this worker is a wealthy man."

"He doesn't think so."

"Are all your workers so talkative?"

"By no means. That's why they strike—because the talkative ones tell them to, and they don't know how to talk back. This, however, is the best of all possible factories. There are no strikes."

After the best of all possible lunches, in the directors' lavishly carpeted apartments, we attended a Works Council meeting, at which managers and workers, wearing similar clothes

and talking in similar North-country accents, discussed their mutual affairs in the best of all possible tempers.

"They behave as though they were *all* gentlemen," exclaimed Candidus disapprovingly. "The managers should be sterner, the workers more deferential."

In the evening we attended a banquet given by the managers to the workers, at which large quantities of gold and silver watches were given away to the ones with the longest service.

Candidus was given a cordial invitation to the Supply Ball, on the following evening. But at this he fell into a reverie, from which he emerged knitting his brows.

"Work is work," he said solemnly, "or so we think in my country. Here on both sides of this river—the Tease, as you call it—there seems to be a distressing tendency to combine it with play."

He refused with polite severity when some of the workers approached him, suggesting a game of billiards-fives. It was time to take him home. The limousine drove us away to the managers' stately Hall, not a castle this time, where we were to spend the night.

"I hope the owls won't keep you awake," said our managerial host, showing us to rooms bright with azaleas from the hot-houses at the bottom of the garden.

* * *

Odd Coincidence

Committee of One

"At Cheltenham my brother was sitting in a parked car waiting for a friend. When he lit a cigarette—his last one—and absent-mindedly threw the empty packet out of the car window, he was startled by the packet's immediate reappearance, right in front of his nose. It had been jabbed on the end of a walking stick."

Poking his head out of the window, my brother found that the other end of the stick was firmly grasped in the hand of an old lady. "Thank you, madam," he said with a smile, "but it's empty. I don't want it."

"Neither does Cheltenham," was the frosty reply."—*Readers' Digest*

"YOURS, I THINK"

Four times as much litter was left in Hyde Park during the Bank Holiday week-end as in that of 1954. To officials in despair about persuading the nation to be tidier I pass on an example from Bognor Regis.

On the sea-front there a man threw out of his car an empty cigarette packet. The woman at whose feet it fell handed it back to him.

"Thank you," he said, "but I do not need it."

"Neither," said she, "does Bognor Regis."—*Daily Telegraph*

America Day by Day

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

A REVOLUTIONARY move, which may have wide repercussions, has been made by the New York State Department's passport division. It is urging Americans to smile when they have their passport photographs taken. "Contrary to what many prospective travellers believe," says Miss Frances G. Knight, head of that division, "there is no rule against a smiling passport picture." She describes most of those which have come her way as "thug-like."

Yes, but are you sure, Frances, that America needs all this smiting? Myself I feel, as do many deep thinkers, that there is far too much of it already. I am a constant reader of the popular New York Press, and I have never been able to see why under some such headline as

FATAL SNAKE BITE
BRONX MOTHER LOSES ONLY CHILD

("I warned her not to play with cobras," says Mrs. McGinnis)

there should appear a photograph of Mrs. McGinnis, her face split by a six-inch grin of pure happiness. Surely the fact that she was entitled to say "I told you so" to her child as the latter was expiring is not enough to justify that radiant expression of *bien être*. We men who look like dissipated Cheshire cats when we obey the photographer's order to moisten the lips with the tip of the tongue and smile ought, I think, to get together and stand shoulder to shoulder, in the manner popularized by the boys of the old brigade, against this trend. Let our slogan be those splendid words of Maurice Chevalier, who, when a press photographer pleaded with him to "give us the old smile, Maurice," replied coldly "The smile will be there when I feel it is required."

Mr. Adolphe Menjou, Hollywood's well-dressed man, who over a period of years has spent two hundred thousand dollars on clothes and when he appears in a picture is given a screen credit reading "Mr. Menjou's wardrobe designed by Mr. Menjou," is a little depressed these days because he likes to play golf in knickerbockers, and apparently in Hollywood, when you

play golf in knickers, there are snickers. Ignore them, Adolphe, is my advice. The sneers of fellows who come out on the first tee in scarlet corduroy trousers and shirts like sunset over Hawaii are not worth noticing.

To you, sir, and you, who have just lighted your pipes and are leaning back savouring the delicious locked-in flavour of whatever tobacco you use, I am sorry to have to report that those anti-smoking doctors have been at it again, once more working like beavers to take the joy out of life. Besides nicotine, the latest of them writes, tobacco contains carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, aldehydes, arsenic, acrolein, formic acid, furfural, diethylene glycol and benzopyrene. I hope your reaction to the news, like mine, will be that it is nice to think one is getting such a lot for one's money. And if, as is stated, a quiet smoke contracts peripheral blood vessels, reduces vital capacity and gastric motility and aggravates peripheral vascular disease, right ho. I can see no objection to peripheral vascular disease in moderation. So light up, boys, I say, passing my pouch. Try some of my furfural. I get it specially mixed for me at that place where they sell those pipes with the white spot on them.

Something like a crisis has arisen in American television owing to the growing demands of actors. Five hundred dollar performers are now demanding fifteen hundred, and the fifteen hundred artists have pushed their figure up to two thousand five hundred. If the networks can pay Jackie Gleason, the comedian, eleven million dollars, as they did not long ago, there must be plenty of money in the old network sock, they feel, so why shouldn't they have some of it. You can't, they remind the networks, take it with you, and anyway money doesn't bring happiness. And in addition to more cash they all want the top line on the list of credits, plus—if they come from Hollywood—free trips to and from New York for themselves, their wives, the tots and the nurse. It is difficult to see where this will end, but if it leads to television calling it a day and closing down, a step in the right direction will have been taken.

We pass through this world but once, as the fellow said, and it is consequently our duty to lend a helping hand to those less fortunate than ourselves and generally to spread sweetness and light, and it is my constant aim to do this. But the latest suffering soul had me stumped for quite a while. Writing to a daily paper, "Distracted" says:

"I have an embarrassing problem. Whenever we have company at the house and there is a pause in the conversation, I always want to swallow. And when I swallow, I swallow with a thump. What shall I do?"

Don't have company is, of course, the obvious solution, but this would involve hardship on a woman who likes to be a hostess. The only thing I can suggest is that "Distracted" should study ventriloquism and learn to throw her voice so that the thump appears to proceed from one of the lady guests. This and a quick surprised look in the latter's direction might do the trick.

2 2

"Richard Lyon said last night: 'I loved Jill Ireland. I planned to marry her. I think she knew.' Jill, 21-year-old film starlet, got married on Saturday to someone else... He sighed, and said: 'It was a great shock when Jill told me on Friday she was going to marry him...' Jill broke it to Richard over a scampi and kidneys lunch lunch in a Knightsbridge café... 'When she told me,' said Richard, 'I stopped eating my scampi... I never finished it...'" —*Daily Sketch*

And the kidneys?



Form Single File

As provided by the Armed Force (Running-down) Act, amalgamation of previously separate arms of the Service is now effective, and the new Force shall be designated H.M. Armed Force. Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve certain revisions to "Queen's Regulations." Extracts drafted to date are given below.

Commanding Officer of a Unit

94. A C.O. is responsible for the maintenance of discipline, efficiency and morale in the unit under his command, and will discountenance any disposition in his officers to exhibit pride of former Service.

95. Secrecy should where possible be maintained concerning earlier allegiances. Ex-officers of the erstwhile Royal Navy will be recommended to relinquish the privilege of drinking the Loyal Toast seated.

96. A C.O. will at all times exercise discretion in the allocation of duties. He will not appoint, except in emergency,

- (a) former majors of cavalry to frogman duties
- (b) former jet pilots to minesweepers
- (c) former R.N. officers to parachute companies.

97. Former Royal Marine officers will be allowed to find their own level.

Officers' Mess

98. A C.O. will ensure that the mess is conducted with decorum, and during the formative period of H.M. Armed Force will exercise especial vigilance.

- (a) Discussion of any Combined Operation of the late War is prohibited.
- (b) Former members of former Services, real or imaginary, will abstain from forming esoteric elements in habitual corners and employing idioms of speech not of universal Armed Force usage. For example:

 - (i) Brown Job
 - (ii) Death-or-Glory Boy
 - (iii) Pongo
 - (iv) Matelot



"Don't be a tease, Henry—where are you?"

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

- (c) Such rhetorical questions with pejorative connotation as "Who sacked Admiral North?" are forbidden.
- (d) There shall be distribution, on the scale laid down, of Armed Force Educational Pamphlet, "The Greeks Had a Word for It" (Code No. 4546) with a view to the discouragement of undesirable idiom.
- (e) Disciplinary action shall not be taken except, after warning, when wilful misnomers are mischievously persisted in. For example, continual reference to the mess as the wardroom.

Entertainments

99. Recreational film programmes will be compiled with care. Programmes including any of the following will also include the remainder.

- (a) *The Red Beret*
- (b) *In Which we Serve*
- (c) *The Way to the Stars*

100. Should any of the films referred to in Para 99 be unavailable the programme will be devoted to films chronicling successes by the U.S. Armed Forces.

Rank

101. All officers will take rank according to their respective dates of appointment to that rank in H.M. Armed Force. Should two officers of the same rank have been gazetted to such rank with the same date, their precedence will be determined by *any suitable means but the date of previous appointments in other Services now obsolete*.

102. Ranks of H.M. Armed Force are as under:

- Air-Land Fleet Marshal
- Air Genmiral
- Fleutenant-Genmiral
- Air-Major Genmiral
- Air Brigadore
- Group Colaptain
- Wing Colaptain
- Squamajor Commander
- Air Colaptenant
- Fleutenant
- Sub-Fleutenant

103. Non-commissioned ranks are discontinued.

Dress

104. Unauthorized deviation from the sealed pattern of dress, clothing, equipment and badges is forbidden. Obsolete "Wings," R.N. buttons or Army cap-badges may not be worn even in concealment under lapels or pocket-flaps.

- 105. (a) The hair of the head will be kept short.
- (b) Facial hair in moderation is permitted, with the following provisos:

 - (i) Ex-Royal Naval personnel shall not invoke this Regulation as a licence to achieve distinctive appearance through beards.

- (ii) Ex-Royal Air Force personnel shall not invoke this Regulation as a licence to achieve distinctive appearance through moustaches.
- (iii) Ex-Army personnel shall not be ordered to cultivate hair on the chin or cheeks.

106. Orders, Decorations, Medals and Medal Ribbons acquired prior to Amalgamation are now obsolete and will in no circumstances be worn. The Armed Force Consolidation Medal will be issued in their stead, in sizes and compositions appropriate to the Orders, etc., displaced.

107. The pamphlet *Instructions Regarding the Armed Force Consolidation Medal* (Code No. 9194) details methods of withdrawal and redistribution.

Health and Hygiene

108. A C.O. will exercise his discretion in permitting officers in bodily or mental sickness to indulge vestigial prejudices, provided that the exigencies of the Armed Force allow.

(a) Objections by ex-members of one ex-Service to dental extractions by ex-members of another shall, if not unreasonable, be upheld.

(b) Recommendations for psychiatric treatment shall not be implemented on the diagnosis of less than three medical officers, two of whom shall be ex-members of the patient's ex-Service.

109. Former officers of the Brigade of Gurkhas will not take the Salute on the occasion of a fly-past or naval review.

110. Officers' horse furniture, except at sea, will include the head-rope in all orders of parade.



Find Me a Tradition

By E. S. TURNER

AS things are shaping, your son has a fair chance of serving some day in Prince Charles's Own Decontamination Regiment (The Black Watch) or 186th (Rutlandshire) (Mixed) Mobile Defence Battalion (17th/21st Lancers).

Already the impending cuts in the Army have inspired anxious appeals not to let old regimental names die out. A Member of Parliament has suggested that if, for instance, the Royal Hampshire Regiment must cease to function as such its name could be perpetuated as "The Royal Hampshire Rocket Regiment." He is, of course, naïve in thinking that the problem can be solved as easily as that. The last-but-one reshuffle of the Territorial Army produced a unit called 428th The Princess Beatrice's (Isle of Wight Rifles) (Mixed) Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery, Territorial Army (The Green Gunners). This sort of thing puts an

unfair strain on many, not least on the military policeman who may wish to take particulars of a green gunner found eating fish and chips in the street.

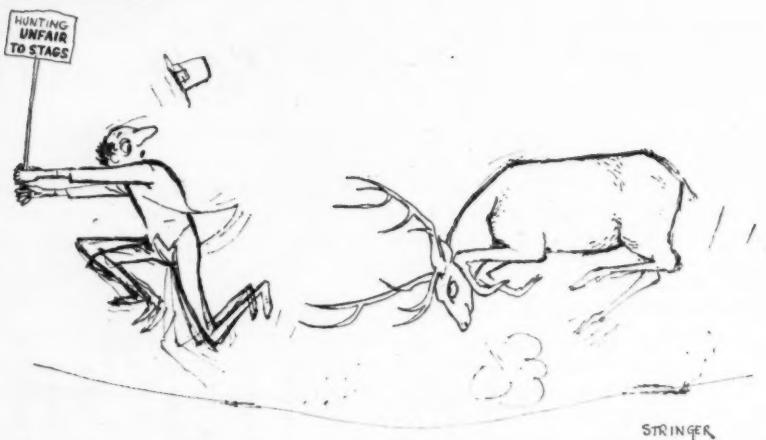
Anyone who succeeds in filching a copy of the Territorial Army order of battle will find it full of units with names which come anything but trippingly from the tongue. Clearly, there is a potent risk that the Regular Army, too, may find the names of its historic regiments beginning to resemble algebraic equations or exercises in parsing, once the experts begin to engineer their marriages of convenience and to issue affiliation orders against proud and blameless corps, forcing them to maintain other people's redundant offspring.

A first change of role offers no great difficulties in the field of nomenclature. It is when a unit has graduated from rifles to machine-guns, thence to light anti-aircraft, searchlights and Geiger-

counters that the trouble starts. Probably most units could be talked out of a desire to perpetuate their association with searchlights, but once call a man a rough rider and he will demand to be called a rough rider even when he goes into battle clinging to a fire engine.

The problem is complicated by the fact that many units have acquired nicknames like "The Saucy Seventh" and "The Yellow Devils." These, somehow or other, must be perpetuated, until the units can acquire more suitable new nicknames in the rough-and-tumble of nuclear war. ("The Button Pushers," perhaps.)

Many who served during the second world war in fugitive, *ad hoc* units like camel trains and well-boring sections, in ski schools and psychiatrist pools, will no doubt look on all this fuss with superior amusement; yet some of us, proud as we were of our unorthodox units, will wish that the tradition and *esprit* of, say,



our ablution halt in the Apennines could somehow be preserved in the naming of the great decontamination and disinfestation centres of to-morrow.

There are backwoodsmen who say

that you cannot play about with traditions, but crafty majors at the War Office have been doing it, with tolerable success, for generations. At their instigation, the most improbable friend-

ships have ripened and dubious lineages have been gratefully, even laughingly, accepted. The War Office example has now inspired the United States Army, which has drawn up a master list of sixty-four "historic regiments." All units hereafter to be formed, whether their role be brave or merely bizarre, will draw their traditions from this attested well. Presumably this will be done under strict supervision, for nothing is less seemly than an uninhibited scramble for the most picturesque legends.

The choice of appropriate traditions will not be easy, as the Pentagon experts admit; but it is pleasant to think that, with goodwill, resource and ingenuity, the boys who wear flashes like "Hell on Wheels" will be able to feel a stronger, and reasonably legitimate, kinship with the men of Bunker's Hill.

Org, Reorg, Disorg

By B. A. YOUNG

IT is now possible to reveal some details of the plans which the Chiefs of Staff are considering for reorganizing and integrating the three armed Services.

The problems to be met are simple:

(a) The only weapon required in modern warfare is the nuclear deterrent, either in the form of a bomb (Nuclear Deterrent Mark I) or installed in a rocket (Nuclear Deterrent Mark II).

(b) For prestige purposes it will

still be necessary to maintain garrisons in various important overseas stations, such as Fontainebleau.

(c) Manpower considerations will enforce the utmost economy in the use of rank and file.

(d) Other manpower considerations will render advisable, at any rate in the foreseeable future, the maximum employment of senior officers and long-service N.C.O.s.

To meet these requirements all three Services are to be reorganized on the

basis of one universal formation. This will be known as the *grivilla* (derived from elements of *group*, *division*, *flotilla*) and will consist of three H.M. Squadrons. The grivilla will be very approximately the equivalent of a brigade group all arms. Its object will be to deliver the nuclear deterrent at whatever point is required by the political or tactical situation.

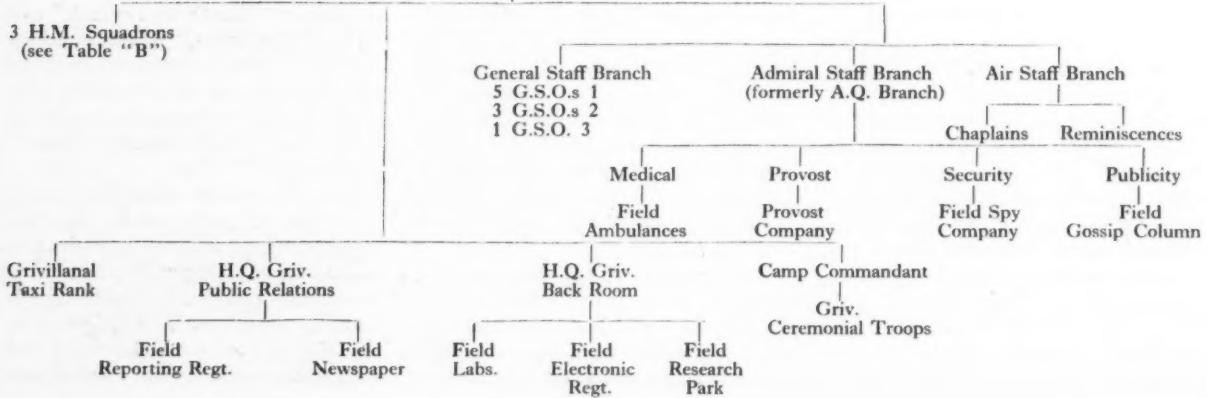
The organization of a grivilla is shown in Table "A."

TABLE "A"

HEADQUARTERS OF A GRIVILLA

Commander (Air-Land Fleet Marshal)
A.D.C.

3 H.M. Squadrons
(see Table "B")



The organization of the three H.M. Squadrons is identical, except that in order to facilitate the promotion of morale and healthy inter-squadron rivalry the ranks and uniforms in No. 1 Squadron, No. 2 Squadron, and No. 3 Squadron will be as now current in the Royal Navy, Army, and Royal Air Force respectively. The use of the word *squadron* has been decided upon on the ground that it is already familiar to personnel of all three Services. The fact that it may indicate anything from a ceremonial detachment of Household Cavalry on horseback to a powerful force of cruisers is not considered a serious objection. The designation "H.M. Squadron" is being retained at the request of the Navy, as this Service is expected to provide the first First Staff Lord at the head of the integrated force.

The provisional War Establishment of a H.M. Squadron is shown in Table "B."

The table gives the detail of a No. 2 Squadron. For No. 1 and No. 3 Squadrons adjustments should be made in column 1 analogous with that in Note (a).

Tables of weapons and of vehicles have also been drawn up. Apart from the nuclear deterrents the only weapons required are the ballistic deterrents, including rifles, sub-machine-guns and pistols, required for local defence. There will be no psychological warfare component in the grivilla, the responsibility for psychological warfare is to be transferred to the Chancellery of the Duchy of Lancaster, which for this purpose will be regarded as under the command of the Ministry of Defence.

With the final achievement of complete integration, the functions of the Service Ministries will be greatly curtailed. They will be concerned chiefly with liaison with Old Comrades' Associations. The proposed new

establishment for a Service Ministry is shown at Table "C."

TABLE "C"
A SERVICE MINISTRY

Detail	Personnel	Remarks
Minister	1	
Clerk	1	
Driver	1 (a)	(a) to be shared with other Service Ministries

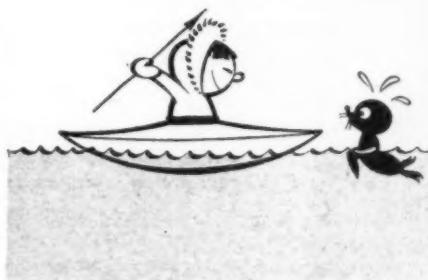
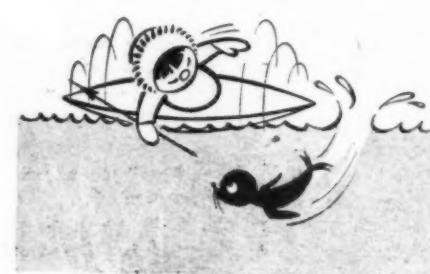


TABLE "B"
A H.M. SQUADRON
WAR ESTABLISHMENT

Detail	Personnel							Remarks
	Officers	W.O.s	Sergeants	Rank and file (male)	Rank and file (female)	Boffins	Civilians	
<i>Headquarters</i> Brigadier (a)	1							(a) or Captain R.N. or Group-Captain R.A.F.
Lieut.-Cols. (2 i/c) Majors Captains Lieutenants S.S.M.	2	6	3	1				
<i>attached</i> Welfare	6(b)		1		35			(b) including 5 not below field rank
Chaplains Medical Member of Parliament (c)	3	1	1	3			1	
<i>H.M. Companies</i> (3) Majors Pilots Navigators Bomb-Aimers Fitters, Aircraft Fitters, Button Seamstresses, Button Pyrotechnicians Scientists, G.D. Reporters Shop Stewards Fifth Column	6	2	2	25	2	10	4	(d) may be female
		2	2	32		10	1	
		2	2			1	1	
		1(d)						



Pressing for the Queen

(From "Button-room Ballads")

I 'D kep' me terms at Technical an' sweated in the shops,
 An' done me time at 'Arwell an' been vetted by the cops,
 An' I didn't find the life at 'ome was what it might ha' been,
 So I listed for a private pressin' buttons for the Queen.

*Oh it's steady on the site,
 An' watch the little light,
 An' press the button careful when you're pressin' for the Queen.*

Me thumb is stiff an' achin', an' I've 'erpes in me 'and,
 An' me back is stiff with standin' at the button-pressin' stand,
 An' me eyes is sore with watchin' for the flicker on the screen,
 An' it ain't no bloomin' picnic pressin' buttons for the Queen.

*Oh it's press and never stop,
 An' press until you drop,
 An' never quit your pressin' when you're pressin' for the Queen.*

I'd like to feel the fiery sun a-burnin' nose an' chin
 Or the bitter wind a-blowin' wild an' blisterin' my skin,
 But it's always air-conditionin' an' everything serene
 An' fluorescent lightin' when you're pressin' for the Queen.

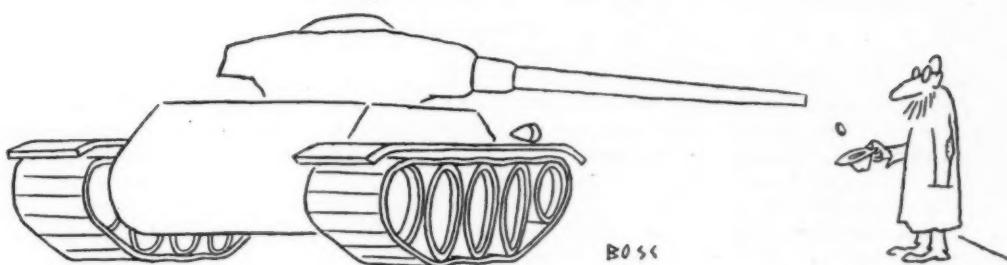
*Oh it's everyone below,
 An' Tommy down you go,
 An' back into your cellar, boys, a-pressin' for the Queen.*

There's a whisperin' o' rockets in the 'igh ionosphere,
 There's a panickin' o' peoples driven crazy-wild with fear;
 The reekin' runway rocks with planes a-quittin' of the scene,
 But we'll be on the launchin' site a-pressin' for the Queen.

*An' it's rockets all away
 In the smoke of Judgment Day,
 An' quit your blowin', Gabriel, we're pressin' for the Queen.*

P. M. HUBBARD





Morning Men

By G. W. STONIER

ON either side they are early risers—the chemist's, the watchmaker's; but Funland never stirs. Funland is a sleepyhead. With its shutter down and its machines idle, it dreams on. Crowds come and go. Banks open. Pubs. Traffic is nearing its midday stagnation. And now there's a flicker of light under the roll front.

It's raised a couple of feet—just enough to let a dog in, should a dog wish. By degrees the whole place will yawn and reveal itself: the attendant with his pouch, the machines ready, the music dreadfully churning. So easy to sidle in from the street and with a movement start the little ball rolling!

Chink! Wink! Grunt! Fiddle! Boo!
But who would be first?

* * * * *

Who would be the first outside the Windmill Theatre, at an hour when the world hurries by to counters and offices? Or outside the Old Bailey?

Yet there is a first, followed by a second, and then by dozens and scores.

Out of nowhere they appear, to start days like this, and end unimaginably. Perhaps they have left home like anyone else, but once the corner is turned, Jekyll becomes Hyde. The slot-machine addict is born, the prophet arises. They occupy Embankment seats, fish in canals, attend inquests, fringe on auctions, sip elevenses at nine-thirty, watch cars in the early sunlight from a deck-chair, lean on bridges, deal the poker hand, pick the button-hole. They are morning men. London has a regiment of such.

* * * * *

There's the clubman in his window reading *The Times*: a wearisome furrow

his, but soon (if we stand on the pavement to watch) he will have fallen asleep; or it may be the moment of that early placard sensation, "Noted Clubman Dies"—

The man on top of a bus occupying the back seat; when others raise hats passing the Cenotaph he will raise a flask—with opening time nowhere in sight—

The hatless man, clasping a book, who has chosen a dim alley for indoctrinating hell-fire—

The strap-hanger in a Tube rush, sucking ice-cream—

The man carrying his kite to fly by the Round Pond, not easily recognizable, since it's packed in a case that might hold an oboe—

The two men gazing down through the hoarding door into some great new building site, leaning heads together, pointing—

The man with a smile and a bird on his head—

The tennis player fat-bottomed in the Square—

The mid-week golfer making solitary prints in the dew—

The first into Madame Tussaud's, down the stairs, cheek by jowl with Crippen—

Into the Zoo—

Up the Monument—

And in those West End cinemas that open their doors at ten—good heavens, I'm a morning man myself! Two or three times a week I loll in a dark stall at an hour that would horrify you, with young women tilting themselves at me, men half-killing one another, cars chasing cars, a song husked out in a night-club. True, I have the excuse

that, as a film critic, I can't avoid it, whether I would or not.

No doubt they all have excuses, and the man fascinated by makes of car means to rob them, the economist outside the Windmill would lack inspiration for unemployment curves without that front row seat.

* * * * *
Out of time!—far worse than out of place. So strict is the etiquette that a guest ten minutes late or early may be wished elsewhere. To be habitually *before* one's time is to become outcast; soon shoulders will slope, hat will be pulled down, hands thrust into macintosh pockets . . .

* * * * *
But I can't help coming back to Funland. Now that most people are at lunch, it's in full swing, or rather in that half-swing which is its peculiarity. Bells ring and lights flash; here is Old Bowery, there a baseball game; an old gentleman waits with Olde King Cole for the joy of three bathing girls illuminated; scores leap in thousands, but never enough; a wasp-youth kills time on a miniature range; and a crane twitches over bright gifts before picking up and depositing a sweet.

Surreptitiously I slide the penny in. Why won't it go? "Freppny bit, guvnor." No, too much!

The whole place with its shaded lights, paper-flower baskets, rock 'n' roll, and an air of cheap novelty already old-fashioned, is too much.

I watch a Chinaman urge his machine in an intimate hug and then tear myself away—it is an awful effort—to stroll up the street and sample from a book-tray last paragraphs of novels.

Cockburn's Aspects of English History

Leadership



T is a commonplace, noted by many historians in tracing England's rise to her present pre-eminence, that not once nor twice in the island's history there seemed to loom the possibility that some other nation might forge disastrously ahead in the race for the moral leadership of the world.

Spain, after the final collapse or disintegration of her overseas empire, was excellently placed, particularly as there seemed little prospect of her maintaining for long the value of her currency, and those of her politicians who were not corrupt displayed a uniform mediocrity in face of the problems confronting the country. It is true that a number of commanders, shatteringly defeated in the field, on the high seas, and in diplomacy, returned from Uruguay and Cuba declaring that the boundaries of Spain's cultural influence had thereby been extended, and her spiritual authority immeasurably enhanced, but they were ahead of their time. Public opinion in the Iberian Peninsula was not ready to receive their message. Spain, in other words, had not had the advantage of what may be called "the English experience of trial and error." Indeed, in an attempt to adopt English ideas without properly assimilating them, Spaniards often dealt with things in the

wrong order, conceiving that error should be followed by trial, with the death penalty frequently ensuing soon after.

As the late Ernest Bevin and Lord Rothermere are said to have remarked to Professor Madariaga and the Duke of Alba, "The tragedy of Spain, viewed

getting lower by the month. There was but moderate confidence in the stability of the dollar which, shaky for years, fell —under the stresses of 1914—to the inspiring level of six dollars seventy-eight cents to the pound sterling on the first day of August that year.

For the greater part of the two years



sub specie aeternitatis—if we do not stand open to a charge of solecism by thus relating the mundane to the essentially imponderable—is that you fellows never had Labour and Tory and all that."

More dangerous than what has been termed "the Spanish challenge" was, from the English standpoint, the threat to moral and cultural world leadership offered by the United States during the first years of the first Wilson Administration.

Never—so it seemed to thinking men and women of the time—had any country (not even England under Charles II) found itself in a happier position, or one more likely to ensure that its views would carry decisive weight in the councils of a distracted world.

The gold reserves were low, and

immediately following Wilson's election the country owed more money than anyone thought it could possibly pay. Encouraging in itself, this state of affairs was rendered even happier by the knowledge that the President was an obdurate doctrinaire, and the Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, a man who was swept to power on a tide of gross misunderstanding about the nature of money, and held equally grotesque views on almost every other subject within the purview of human thought.

He was well served by a Diplomatic Corps not one of whose members noticed that war was about to break out in Europe until a few hours before it happened.

Suffice it simply to add that the Army and Navy, so often an obstacle to moral



leadership, were at a particularly low ebb. A few battleships had been built, but the fleet as a whole was no match for anyone. The entire Army had four modern field-guns, but luckily means for transporting them from one place to another had not been provided by the contractors.

On the labour front strikes were continuous and widespread.

The American failure to grasp the possibilities thus offered have been attributed by embittered American critics alike to the impetuosity of President Wilson and his advisers who—on noting that the German and Irish vote in South Chicago and North Pittsburgh seemed to be no longer decisive—concluded that the moment had come to save democracy and the British Empire from the Kaiser, and to the reputed cunning of British policy.

However that may have been, forty years and one and a half world wars later, moral and cultural leadership had passed to England.

Regarded in the perspective of history this can be seen as no "flash in the pan." England's progress, often slow, occasionally devious, had nevertheless been steady. Lord North Day, with its traditional ceremonies, annually brings home to English school-children the significance of the achievement of that almost visionary statesman who saw that what carping critics of the period—including the notorious Boston Group—referred to as the "loss" of the American colonies, was a priceless boon and indeed a *sine qua non* of development towards the brotherhood of the English-speaking peoples.

The examples of Australia, New Zealand and—to a lesser extent—Canada are sometimes cited by hostile analysts of the English political genius as examples of a failure to get rid of acquisitions, with all that such failure implies in terms of moral authority. In the case of Australia it must be admitted by the honest historian that mistakes were made.

That having been said, it must also be admitted that the mistakes were natural. They resulted from the effort to carry out a plan, excellent in itself, without sufficient resources. The idea of first employing all the savagery of brutal laws to reduce a section of the English population to enforced criminality and then sending the "criminals"



concerned to start populating a continent was in itself a boldly imaginative one. And one cannot, by hindsight, blame those responsible for the belief that England was not going to hear from the Australians again—except possibly as allies of the Japanese. We know now of course what went wrong. The number of criminals was inadequate. But the responsibility for this state of affairs must surely be laid not on the shoulders of the English people but rather at the door of the under-organized police and judicial system.

The case of Canada is quite otherwise, and no survey of English history can afford to neglect it and its lessons.

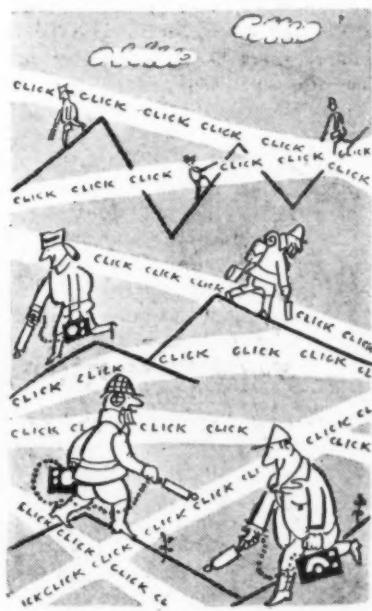
The dislike and, indeed, mutual loathing of the English-speaking Canadians for the French-speaking ones, combined with their common contempt for the Americans and the mother-country—a contempt shared by that section of English opinion which for many years supposed Canada to be populated exclusively by remittance-men and absconding debtors—sufficed for a long period to maintain the population of that Dominion at a conveniently low level.

Later, with the introduction of the geiger counter—said to have been smuggled into Alberta by a disaffected Indian trader in search of "fire-water"—there began to be more Canadians than hitherto.

To the faint-hearted this was alarming. But it was soon realized that their fears were groundless. There were times when the Canadians supported

English policies, proving that blood was thicker than water. There were others when Canada boldly opposed, or at least abstained from supporting, the English line, and showed a fine, imaginative readiness to sell to the United States whatever resources might be available. These episodes were particularly welcome at Westminster as proof of the essential flexibility of the system evolved by the English genius.

And the same thing, as Clive was far-sighted enough to note, applies to India.



Had Any Good Spots Lately?

If the political difficulties of doctors become intensified, one result may be greatly increased pressure on the medical columns of newspapers. At the moment the hack Fleet Street Sawbones probably writes for a dilettante public checking on its G.P. or simply "sent" by descriptions of disease; but once consultations have to be paid for on the nail his practical influence will increase and his tenure of the post will be as closely dependent on his cures as a racing correspondent's on his naps. Hippocratic feature-writing is a rum branch of journalism anyway.

Some of the columnists use a narrative framework, often giving their fool of a patient a Bunyan-esque surname:

When Farmer Poorly entered my consulting-room I could see that he was feeling rather sorry for himself.



"A bit lop-sided this morning, aren't we?" I remarked. I was ruefully aware of the crowds that storm my waiting-room, as he edged round to his trouble, a violent stabbing pain in the region of the spleen coupled, as I soon spotted, with a dull clanging in the chest. When I told him that I should like him to call in at the hospital for a thorough check-up he growled something about sowing. I was able to reassure him that he was unlikely to receive an out-patient's appointment until after harvest.

To-day we are lucky that the full resources of scientific medicine are available to the G.P. Farmer Poorly will have the benefit of labs, X-rays, and quite possibly a registrar, where his father was at the mercy of the elementary diagnostic apparatus a G.P. could carry in his hat.

Sometimes the columnist plays for safety with a little essay on vaguely medical subjects. The choice of topics gets steadily harder. While the beginner happily tackles The Common Cold, What to Eat on Boxing-Day and The Dangers of Sunburn in Mists, the old hand scrapes the bottom of the barrel until, to pursue the metaphor beyond its usual stopping-point, it gets wafer-thin:

Powdered elk's horn and toad's liver were among the cures tried by our ancestors for the complaint that has been variously known as *Febris Ignota*, Old Man's Throws and Von Speigl's Disease. This may have been the malady that attacked Merry Alice of Bodiam, of whom the Chronicler (quaintly) remarks, "Hir tong had spottis thereon." Advances in treatment have banished the scourge and since the introduction of Von Speidt's Preparation in 1873 no case has been reported.

Much the commonest type is the Question-and-Answer: My teenage daughter, Sybil, is in trouble after attending a Discussion Rally at the Youth Club. She keeps fancying shellfish but whenever she eats them she gets convulsions. I am sure this cannot be right. Would washing them in vinegar help?—Mrs. M., Romford.

Allergy is a very interesting condition. Did you know, Mrs. M., that some people

By R. G. G. PRICE

are allergic to horse-hair? I should be inclined to think that Sybil could do with a course of desensitizing injections, and don't overlook her calcium.

I cannot move my right foot.—Mr. C., Luton.

This distressing condition may be due to a number of causes, such as hysterical paralysis or brain damage. Are you quite sure your right ankle is not in plaster? In any event, give your left ankle plenty of massage and put it under the sun-lamp night and morning. One usable foot is better than none.

My young lady is a martyr to fear of spiders. I tell her they, like us, are living creatures; but she insists they give her nausea and make her feel her hair does not belong to her.—"Stan," Shepherd's Bush.

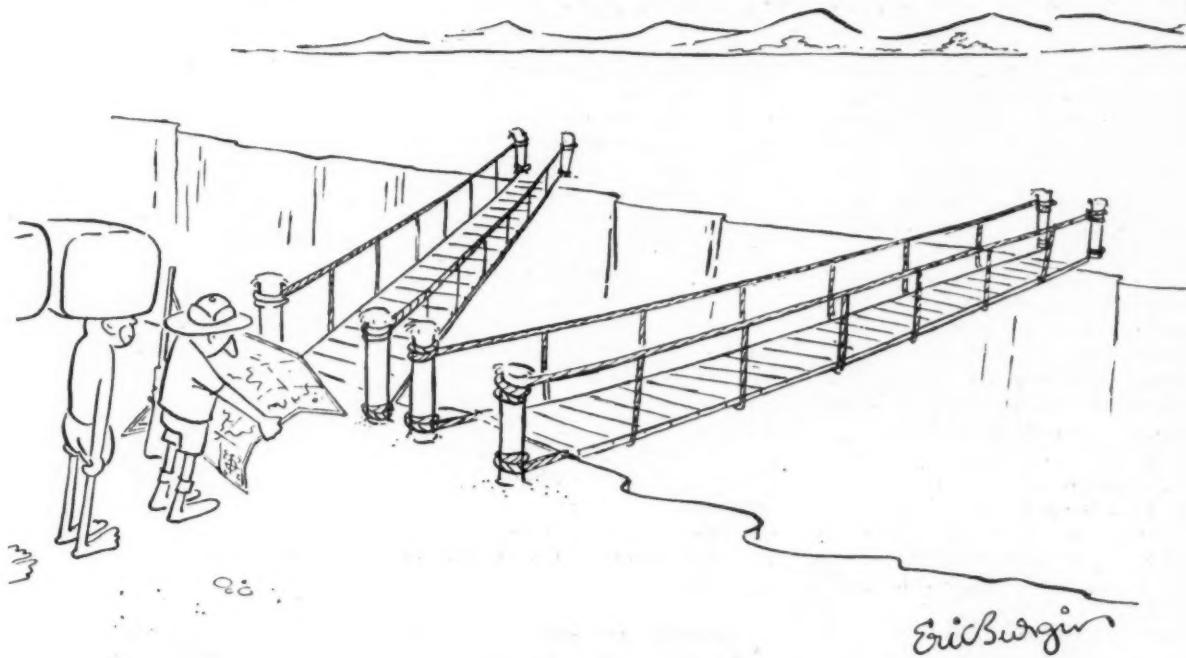
The best thing for nausea is to keep off fried food.

My temperature is 103. My chest is covered with squarish spots. I have a grinding pain in my abdomen and persistent headache. No proprietary panacea gives me any relief after the first few doses. I always read your articles with great interest and wonder whether you could put me on to the royal road back to health?

Perhaps one of the antibiotics, penicillin and its sturdy progeny, might clear up the trouble: I should be inclined to plump for terramycin. Of course, the condition may not have a causative factor of a bacterial nature at all. In these days we hear much of psychosomatic medicine, and the origin of your symptoms may be in some conflict deep in your mind. How do you get on with your siblings?

And sometimes the Medical Correspondent is hauled out of his gentlemanly backwater and thrust in among the news, where he has to comment on bulletins signed by five knights, in which the operative words are "catarrh" and "indoors":

The absence of any mention of pulmonary infection, coupled with the indication that the trouble is catarrhal in type, leads me to suppose that the condition is allied to the common cold. The advice that the patient should stay at home seems well founded. I should, speaking for myself, favour the plentiful administration of hot drinks.



Polite Response to a Pollster

AVAUNT, intruder! Mind your own foul biz!
I'll have no part in your degrading quiz.
You ask me, fool, if I am "satisfied"
With my Prime Minister. Suppose I lied?
It would amuse me to deceive you, sir,
And fox the foes of our Prime Minister.
You pick two thousand persons, I believe:
I'll bet a half are laughing up their sleeve:
And when your figures are proclaimed in town
Dear Hugh will put a vote of censure down.

Well, let's consider. Just three weeks ago
I thought the man was pretty good, I know.
My health was fine: my two new shares went up;
The sun came out; we'd won the Skittles Cup.
But then there fell a cloud on my affairs,
Down went the glass, and my pathetic shares.
I had the flu; my work was in a mess:
I thought the man was slipping, I confess.
But I recovered very well indeed;
I won a fiver on a splendid steed.
And now?—of course, it's difficult to say,
I rather think I'm satisfied to-day.

But who would use such evidence as that
To hang the most unnecessary cat—
The whims, the woes of every passing week
The frets of weather, fortune or physique?
For your conundrums we should call in aid
Events more solid and a mind more staid:

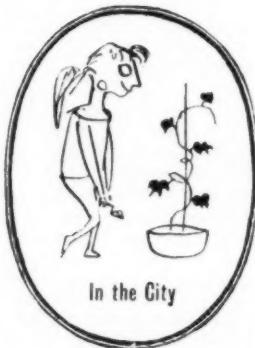
And that is what, when Britain must decide,
Our laws and customs carefully provide.
There is no reason to decide to-day:
In short, you are redundant—run away.

Then, do we ask a batsman, good or not,
To hit a boundary with every shot?
Mishits and snicks may rouse a brief unrest,
But we forgive him, hoping for the best.
He pokes about; he cannot break his duck:
He'll break the bowling, though, with any luck.
He gets the benefit of any doubt:
We do not judge his innings till he's out.
But, sir, suppose you painted on the board
"WE ARE NOT SATISFIED—YOU HAVE NOT SCORED."
What kind of confidence would you bestow?
He'd "have a go," as you suggest—and go.
Surely a Minister who's on the mat
Deserves as much forbearance as a bat.
Ask, if you will, how I react to Noise,
Or what detergent my dear wife employs.
Should there be substitutes for soccer men?
Do I like opera—or cheese—and when?
On State affairs I will not tell a soul
Until they bid me to a proper "poll,"
Where every currant's counted in the cake—
Not one in 15,000, Mr. Fakie!
Record me "Dumb" or "Insolent" or—no,
Put me among the wise who "Do Not Know."

A. P. H.



"I think Hobson is making a fool of himself over some woman."



Dead as a Dodo

THE Labour Party seems to have papered the cracks in its façade of unity only to discover that the entire edifice is threatened by subsidence. Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan politely agree to differ; and then Sir Hartley Shawcross, with a not inconsiderable following among rank-and-file socialists, declares that the idea of wholesale nationalization of industry is "as dead as a dodo."

Sir Shortly Doublecross (I have no doubt that he will be expected to answer to some such monicker) has argued that for the State to take over great firms like I.C.I. and Unilever would "lead the country to disaster." Like so many voters he has at last realized that efficiency and enterprise matter more than title deeds; and after a close look at the organization and industrial persuasion of the companies with which he is now implicated he has decided that to swap boardroom policy for the shifting indecision of bureaucracy could be a calamitous move.

A re-examination of the pros and cons of nationalization is long overdue. In Britain, sitting duck-like between the big guns of Soviet and American power economics, it is not easy to see the shape of an industrial structure as a purely domestic problem. We are apt to forget that America accepts private enterprise unconditionally because in an expanding economy it delivers the goods and is infinitely more efficient than any other productive system. Equally we forget that Russia turned to collectivization because private enterprise had failed to deliver the goods. And in our own mixed and patchwork economy we are sometimes tempted to embrace the concept of nationalization though we know that a country dependent on overseas trade cannot afford to sacrifice enterprise for theoretical ideals.

The virtues of nationalization constitute one of our major popular misconceptions. In trade union circles it is still taken for granted that private enterprise operates solely for a handful of grasping and reactionary shareholders. In fact, of course, the larger industrial units are now run by bureaucratic oligarchies, and the average shareholder whose savings reach industry via the insurance companies, pensions funds and trusts has no more say in the policy of "his" business than he has in the Bank of England's.

To nationalize the I.C.I. and Unilever, therefore, or to renationalize steel, would merely substitute one form of industrial syndicalism for another—but with this very important difference, that under public ownership these empires would be hounded and belaboured by political pressures, lose their residual freedom of action and their spurs, real

or artificial, to efficiency, and see their enterprise wither away.

In 1945 nationalization carried the day for one reason only, because it seemed to offer a possible pathway towards full employment. But we now know that without a flourishing export trade the British can only remain fully employed by taking in each other's washing. It remains true, as it did in 1944 when the Beveridge Report was issued, that "the smooth working of a full employment policy involves the co-operation of workpeople, in enforcing industrial discipline on the unruly, in securing maximum efficiency and removal of restrictions on output, in refraining from pressing unreasonable claims that might set up a vicious spiral of wages and prices."

Sir Shortly knows that nationalization would help in no way to create these conditions.

MAMMON

* * *



Flagrantly Flaming

I HAVE seen over thirty Junes in Devon. But this June is the mauve, most magenta of them all. Whole brigades of foxgloves stand sentry in the hedgerows: there must be a dozen where there used to be only two; besides which ragged-robin and campions are as profuse as nettles used to be. There is more honeysuckle too. The hedge-rows along the lanes are grown so high that you cannot see over them into the fields; and they are so full of wild flowers that the cottage gardens are drab by comparison with them.

No doubt the wet winter can take some of the credit. But the advocates of humus farming will point to the prolific growth in the hedges and maintain that it proves their case against the use of artificial manures. But such argument is specious. At least, I know that most of the hedges on my own farm got a good dressing of sulphate of ammonia and superphosphate in March; for there

was a strong cross-wind blowing when we dressed the pastures. They also got their share of a dose of lime back in the autumn. For my part I think there are three reasons why this is the most flagrantly beautiful June that ever was: first, of course, the lack of rabbits has more than trebled the growth of wild flowers; secondly, the increase in the use of artificials; and thirdly, the hedge does become a sort of savings bank of fertility as one year's decay falls on another.

Plainly the controversy between the advocates of humus and those who use chemical fertilizers is dead and is no longer worth arguing. The verdict, to my mind, is that both sides were right. At any rate, on my own farm this year we are carrying seven or eight tons of grass silage an acre from land which, twenty years ago, never yielded more than 15 cwt. of poor quality hay. The reason for this increase in fertility is due, I think, to the dung under the sward acting as a sponge to conserve the moisture, and the nitrogen at the rate of two tons to the acre which was peppered on top of it.

The amount of artificials now used on a farm does more than make it dependent on industry: it makes it an industry too. Away with all these false distinctions between things which are interdependent and not independent. Industry is not against agriculture; nor is science really at loggerheads with religion, or machinery anti-art. The spelling of holy is wholly.

RONALD DUNCAN



Anilley.

CRITICISM

BOOKING OFFICE

Late Joys

BOYS dawdling home by bookshops sometimes used to pick up sixteenth- or seventeenth-century translations of late classical novels in *The Abbey Classics* and read them with an odd mixture of emotions. They were conspicuous reading and had scholarly names. They were also entertaining and sexy. Bookish boys go through phases of critical severity and they also go through phases in which they are the tadpoles of Old Bookmen, storing up literary experiences they will one day savour for gain.

The world of Petronius and Apuleius and Longus was a completely different world from the classical world of school, with its intellectual Greeks using irregular nouns and its martial Romans showing their maleness by harsh usages amid the offal of the verb. I am sure it was a sorrow to many classical masters that there was no Greek Cæsar, no writer of long sentences who would keep the beginner back grinding away for the first five years or so. The young Grecian started on Xenophon, a hedonist's writer, full of movement and food and easy bits. What a dull lot Cæsar, Livy and Cicero were when one crawled slowly about on the surface of their prose looking for the main verb. As the object of the whole immense machinery of classical education was to raise one per cent of those educated to a point at which they could write Latin or Greek well enough to score a classical scholarship for the classical sixth-form masters, I suppose these were the best writers for the purpose; but the picture they gave of ancient times was repellent.

At school we ignored all periods except those in which writers worthy of imitation lived and all aspects of classical civilization which were not essential for understanding them. We knew quite a bit about centurions, who were essential to a grasp of Cæsar, but nothing about Roman farming,

presumably because Varro wrote something less than Ciceronian prose. Our text-books of Ancient History ended with the death of Augustus, and I used to believe that this was the point at which the Dark Ages began. As I sat on a hard bench painfully producing translations that began "Cæsar, when he, notwithstanding the matters such which . . ." I dimly felt "*Après lui le déluge*." Soon the barbarians would be on their way in their long boats, Angles,

learned a little about the Byzantine achievement and grudgingly admitted that perhaps the vices of emperors were not, by some tribal magic, inevitably followed by degeneration in agriculture, commerce, and social life thousands of miles away from the court. Visiting Rome for the first time I was astonished to find large, solid buildings that dated not from the days when the Ablative Absolute was at its prime but from reigns that I had thought of as one long orgy of anarchy.

The Abbey Classics, which I met before I went to Rome, did not shock my time-sense as much as the Baths of Caracalla did, because they were so remote in atmosphere from anything I had met in the way of ancient times that they remained for years in limbo. I did not even realize that *The Golden Ass* was a century or so later than *The Satyricon* or that *Daphnis and Chloe* was considerably later still. Nor did I take in that Longus wrote in Greek while Petronius and Apuleius wrote in Latin. I never distinguished the rural charm of *Daphnis and Chloe* from the very urban charm of *The Satyricon*. All I knew was that I liked the relaxed atmosphere, the wandering about from party to party, the charm and frivolity and bits of learning and crank religions which fitted in so well with the 'twenties. Lycænium and Tryphena and Eumolpus could have been Huxley characters.

Conviviality was not a quality we were taught to look for in classical civilization. It was never revealed to us that Cæsar was a good man at a party, and if Plato in translation often began like a diarist he soon sobered down into interrogatives one was glad not to have to translate from the Greek. Those who continued with the full classical curriculum instead of dodging off into History must, one felt, have found him a baffling user of the full riches of the Greek enclitic. Of course, nobody ever let us appreciate the Mediterranean, quick-witted, gay, gregarious side of the Gospels. The boy who spent his pocket-money on an *Abbey Classic* was



Goths, Jutes, Huns, Saxons, Vikings, in an inextricable confusion of blood and burning and grass-covered decay, until History got its breath again and became consecutive and memorable with William the Conqueror and, no doubt, similar monarchs elsewhere.

When I first heard of Gibbon I assumed his starting-point would have been round about here, and I was surprised to find when I read him that his golden age was a century and a half later. It was, of course, only a displacement in time: Rome was still ruined as dramatically and irretrievably as any mill-girl in a novelette. Later I

a deserter from the world of Final and Consecutive Clauses and Labienus and the virtues of Cato, though he sniffed for a moment the fresh air of the Roman past.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Faces of Love. John Hearne. *Faber, 15/-*

Once again Mr. Hearne uses for his setting a Caribbean island where the breakfast consists of "papaw and pineapple, salt fish and ackee, bacon and eggs, bammie cakes and logwood honey"; one of the main characters, a dynamic newspaperwoman who subjugates the new editor by having an affair with him, served ice-cold *Château-en-Pape* to the guests at her first dinner-party. Her former lovers include the narrator—business manager of the journal concerned—and his friend, a turbulent builder who dropped his headmaster through a window while at school, and has just re-emerged after serving a prison sentence for bribery and corruption (he is refused re-election to the Gun Club in consequence). A final outburst of violence—during which the ex-convict shoots both Rachel and the editor—is presaged by a hurricane which almost disposes of the narrator's other friend the "cultural" editor: meanwhile Andrews' snobbish impecunious father ("the real old plantocracy") borrows an occasional fiver, and his fiancée condemns *Finnegans Wake* as a betrayal of art.

J. M-R.

Scotch Reviewers. The "Edinburgh Review" 1802-1815. John Clive. *Faber, 25/-*

Against the unctuous backscratching of its contemporaries the severity and anonymity of the *Edinburgh Review* set a new model. Its apparent omniscience, its earnest educational mission and its well-trimmed Whiggery, left but not to the unthinkable point of encouraging democracy, gave it enormous power. By 1814 its circulation was thirteen thousand, more than half as much again as the *Times* of that period.

This is an extremely thorough study, fortified by a multitude of rather donnish footnotes, of the first thirteen years. It tells us little of the contributors as men, but gives us a very clear idea of their outlook on all the problems of their day, and justifies Jeffrey as a great editor in spite of his insufferable condescension to America, China, India and Wordsworth. In their paternal self-satisfaction the staff were, as Mr. Clive points out, very early Victorians. Occasionally he allows himself a respectful dig at them, but a sharper pin in their pomposity would have made for gayer reading.

E. O. D. K.

The Great Cricketer. A. A. Thomson. *Robert Hale, 16/-*

This is the time of year when middle-aged sportsmen need every encouragement to forget their aches and return

yet again to the cricket field. Well, there is encouragement enough in the example of "W.G.", who hit a thousand runs in May at the age of forty-seven, played for England at fifty-one and scored sixty-nine not out on an "undertaker's pitch" in his middle sixties. Mr. Thomson has not, I think, added anything very important to the Grace legend, but by collecting with rare humour and discrimination from the rag-bag of records, myths and anecdotes he has made a first-rate biography.

Was "W.G." a bad sport? Not in this book. Mr. Thomson obviously took a shrewd look at some of the moderns and rightly decided that the Old Man's reputation needed dry-cleaning. No sharp practices, nothing really serious, and no lengthy disputes with stupid umpires. "Grace before meat," as the long-suffering Yorkshire bowler put it, "Grace after meat, Grace all day, and I reckon it'll be Grace to-morrow." Warmly recommended.

A. B. H.

Palmy Days. J. B. Booth. *Richards Press, 25/-*

Either you find the *Pink 'Un* set repulsive boozers or you fall under the enchantment of their innumerable chroniclers. Mr. Booth once more produces a rich, steamy mixture of cigars and oysters and first nights and actor-managers and cartoonists. It was a coarse-grained but cheerful world, in which impecuniosity never excluded anyone for long from lobster and champagne, and Mr. Booth looks back to it with tenacious regret. Like most of those who exclaim over the cheapness of luxuries sixty years ago, he never tells you anything about incomes.

I found the book impossible to leave alone, even on escalators. It is full of useful antiquarian detail about the theatre and restaurants and there is a wonderful photograph of "Pitcher" looking as if on his way to blackball a "cad." There are two longish biographical pieces, on Stephen Phillips and Colonel North the Nitrate King, who remarked from the Chair at a dinner, "The next toast on the list is 'Litera-choor,' coupled with the name of me old friend, Walter Pallant. Now, Walter, me boy, up on your hind legs and tell us a bluc 'un!"

R. G. G. P.

Night Fighter. C. F. Rawnsley and Robert Wright. *Collins, 18/-*

It was fortunate for this country that the Germans did not develop their night operations in 1940 to a high standard of precision bombing. When, in 1943, bombing by night was resumed, Air Interception in close co-operation with Ground Controlled Interception Stations was an effective answer. This fact clearly emerges from Rawnsley and Wright's book. The advance of the use of radar from the "black box" in the Blenheim in 1940 eventually transformed



"There was a mock open-skies aerial inspection and I was visible."

the hopeless searching for enemy aircraft in cloud and at night into an effective and deadly stalk. As this is essentially a story of continuous air battles at night, the necessarily technical nature of the events overrides lighter relief. A. V.

An Introduction to Italian Renaissance Painting, with 260 illustrations. Cecil Gould. *Phaidon, 32/6*

This lively and well illustrated book begins with painters like Pisanello and Masaccio, ending with Titian and Veronese. Mr. Cecil Gould writes with energy, affection and humour. Uccello, he points out, was not quite the innovator he is sometimes held to be; and he draws attention to the influence of Flemish 15th century work on the painters of Italy, who might be expected to have found the art of the Low Countries naïve or crude. The reproductions here bear out his observation that Giovanni Bellini's gods are peasants dressed up, while Titian's are the real thing. Parmigianino's *Portrait of Antea* shows how naturalistic the Renaissance painters could be when they chose; in other words it emphasizes the deliberate nature of much of their formalism.

A. P.

AT THE TOURNAMENT
(EARL'S COURT)

A STUTTEST of the Services, as ever, at putting on a show, the Navy have contrived in their set-piece at this year's Royal Tournament to reveal the romance latent in press-button warfare. The line of tradition

runs firmly throughout H.M.S. *Excellent's* remarkably deft "Pageant of Naval Gunnery." There are three scenes: the gun-deck, well-nigh life size, of a warship of Nelson's day; a mock engagement between a British and an enemy fleet during the last war, with ten-foot ships sailing the arena under the power of petty-officers prone upon wheeled frameworks beneath them; and finally a glimpse of the rocket age. Over the loud-speakers come the science-fiction sounds of the firing drill, then, *zing!* a real, if sub-calibre, guided missile rises from the deck of a model of H.M.S. *Girdle Ness* and soars excitingly into the clerestory. This is one of the best items the Tournament has ever had. Even the real Spitfires which the R.A.F. taxi into the ring under their own power during their representation of the relief of Malta in 1942 can't compete.

Tradition of another kind is represented by the King's African Rifles, making their first Tournament appearance. Groups from three tribes—Nandi, Kamba and Samburu—demonstrate native dances to symbolize tribesmen coming to offer themselves for service; they are followed by a drill display by Tanganyika soldiers, to the music of the K.A.R. band and drums. The delight and pride of the *askaris* in what they are doing is a joy to see.

For the benefit of those who hold, with

the late Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, that "all change at any time for whatever purpose is to be deprecated" the Tournament continues to provide the old indestructibles. The Navy continue to manhandle non-operational field guns over imaginary chasms, the King's Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery achieve their pristine dexterity of timing in the Musical Drive, the Household Cavalry prance elegantly and accurately through their Musical Ride, the massed bands of the Royal Marines hurl their barrages of brass and woodwind at the enraptured audience. Whatever else goes down under the Sandys Axe, these must remain.

B. A. YOUNG

AT THE PLAY

A Month of Sundays
(CAMBRIDGE)

PLAYED as farce, *A Month of Sundays* might have turned its wild improbabilities to some small account; played as painstaking rural comedy, it raises only wonder that such a poor little thing should ever have squirmed through the managerial barricades and arrived in London. In comedy we must be satisfied with the characters' credentials before we can begin to laugh, and here, without any just cause shown, we

are asked to believe that an apparently sane man can behave with consistent lunacy while no one makes any serious attempt to restrain him.

To the eye he is a breezy, sensible family man, but he has dumped his wife and daughters on a derelict farm as an idiot affirmation of faith in a natural way of life, declaring that from scratch they will eat off the soil. It takes him several months, knowing he has grown nothing, to discover that his meals come out of the tins he has forbidden; it takes him even longer to suspect that his crazy hot-water system is being sabotaged by the gentleman-tramp supposed to be completing it. We are asked to believe that his conventional family, by no means cowed, would stand for all this, and into the bargain suffer his enforced periods of contemplation and his nightly readings from Victorian tracts. In fact we are asked far too much, and so is Ian Hunter, who reflects an understandable bewilderment in the part. Pauses in the antic kitchen where we are confined for the evening are filled out with sick cows, more plumbing and the pursuit of the farm-hand by the owner's three daughters.

This well-trodden field is not encouraging to acting. In and out of it drifts A. E. Matthews, as the tramp, muttering his splendid inconsequences and displaying his habitual cunning. The play is only funny when he is on but he is not well served. Jane Baxter and Anthony Oliver lead the rest in an uphill battle, lost at the start because the author, Gerald Savory, had grievously failed to persuade us that any of the characters would ever have been involved in it at all.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A Dead Secret (Piccadilly—5/6/57), Paul Scofield brilliant in a goodish murder play. *Julius Caesar* (Stratford—5/6/57), a stirring production. *Zuleika* (Saville—24/4/57), a musical faithful to Max.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET

MARKOVA AT COVENT GARDEN

WHILE Margot Fonteyn is delighting balleromanes in foreign parts, Alicia Markova is queening it at Covent Garden. Sadler's Wells' first *ballerina assoluta* is all too rarely seen in London nowadays. Watching her exquisite performance in *Giselle* with which she signalized her reappearance, as a guest artist with the Royal Ballet, it was difficult to believe that she has ever been seen to better advantage.

Balletic impersonation of the village maiden who loses her wits because of the perfidy of her lover lends itself to endless subtleties and nuances of interpretation. Ulanova had much to reveal and so, too, has Markova, but that which remains most vividly in memory is the impression



A Month of Sundays
Major Twomely-Brickford—A. E. MATTHEWS

of effortless ease with which she accomplishes miracles of ethereal grace and poetry.

This unmatched quality is also evident, of course, in *Les Sylphides*, in which she is dancing on other nights; but its effect in *Giselle* is to make one feel that her movements are a sort of spontaneous lyricism—as though she were improvising on an inspired plane with dancers who are perfect on their own level of superbly disciplined artistry.

David Blair did remarkably well as Count Albrecht, partnering Markova for the first time, and everybody else seemed keyed up to a notable occasion.

In *Les Sylphides* Markova had Philip Chatfield for her partner, a well justified choice. The *corps de ballet*, which is sometimes a weakness in this ballet, showed how good it can be, and Anya Linden, among other soloists, excelled in the Mazurka.

The Lady and The Fool was in the same programme, but again with its last scene omitted. Can we not sometimes see this best of Cranko's ballets, to Verdi's enchanting music, in its entirety, thus ending not on a sentimental note but as enigmatically as *Waiting for Godot*?

C. B. MORTLOCK



Mrs. Ditmar—KIM HUNTER

Master Ditmar—JAMES MACARTHUR

Mr. Ditmar—JAMES DALY



AT THE PICTURES

The Young Stranger
Les Aristocrates

Of the seven films Press-shown this time, it happens that there are no fewer than five any one of which would be strong enough to concentrate on in a thinner week. But of these, two—*Fire Down Below* and *The Teahouse of the August Moon*—will have no trouble whatever in attracting your attention without any help from me, and a third, *Le Septième Commandement*, had a showing and some publicity at the recent French Film Festival. These are all well worth seeing in their very different ways—see "Survey" below—but they are essentially momentary entertainment. I prefer to put in a good word for the other two, which are something more.

The Young Stranger (Director: John Frankenheimer) is the least pretentious of the lot: another plain black-and-white ordinary-size graduate from TV, with nothing to help it but first-rate writing, direction and acting and some interesting new faces. I know beforehand what the reactions of many people will be on hearing that this is a story of a youngster goaded into violence and technical "delinquency" mainly because he is misunderstood and neglected by his father. Their instant (because easiest) comment will be something to the effect that they're sick of all these crazy mixed-up kids and they think it's about time the poor old parents got a little consideration. This is to disregard the stimulating excellence with which the thing is done.

Here is a youth of about seventeen, Hal, who irritates his father as most

youths irritate their fathers, by being too casual and uncaring about matters the father considers important; tired of his disapproval on a particular occasion, the boy goes off to a cinema with a friend and in sheer high spirits annoys another patron who calls the manager. This man is a pompous unsympathetic character fond of showing his authority, and the upshot is that the boy hits him and is arrested. The piece cannot be fairly summarised: the skill with which it is written and acted, the subtleties of incident, expression, intonation make what happens perfectly understandable, but to describe them adequately would take pages. The main point is that Hal is passionately convinced, not without reason, that he is in the right, and the fact that his father will not believe his account of the affair is crucial. The rest of the picture shows how they reach a better understanding.

Apart from the impressiveness of young James MacArthur as Hal, there are splendid performances by James Daly as the father, Kim Hunter as the anxious, compassionate mother, and several people in smaller parts, but no less important are the direction and the detail in certain group scenes (the slight tensions at the family dinner-table, the trouble in the cinema, the questioning at the police-station). As a whole this is very good value indeed.

The French one, *Les Aristocrates* (Director: Denys de la Patellière), is a far more elaborate and copious work. From a novel by Michel de Saint-Pierre, this is primarily a study of a strong character, the head of a noble family,

who believes profoundly in the importance and value of aristocratic tradition and breeding, and dominates his seven children until his rigid principles estrange his daughter, lose him one son and cause two more, young boys, nearly to kill each other. This may sound like heavy drama, but it is done with a wit and delicacy that make it most attractive: a thoroughly civilised piece, beautifully played. Pierre Fresnay as the nobleman is the outstanding figure, Brigitte Auber charmingly portrays the rebellious daughter, and among other excellent performers are the two mischievous boys, unnamed on the cast list.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Teahouse of the August Moon is very amusing, entertaining and visually pleasing, with an excellent and unexpected performance by Marlon Brando as an affable Jap interpreter. *Fire Down Below*, no less spectacular, is essentially poor man's Hemingway, but nobody could pretend it isn't gripping and entertaining at the time. *Le Septième Commandement* is light, gay "sophisticated" comedy about crime in smart surroundings, with the beautiful Edwige Feuillère. Others in London include the Lindbergh story *The Spirit of St. Louis* (5/6/57) and the first-rate Italian pair at the Academy, *The Lost Continent* (24/4/57) and *Friends for Life*.

Releases: *Designing Woman* (1/5/57), a bright, funny, stylish romantic comedy, and *Boy on a Dolphin* (22/5/57), melodrama in the isles of Greece, lovely to look at.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Humour on
the Dole

I AM indebted to *Newsweek* for the information that American TV comedians, "that most miserable of all fraternities," have fallen upon evil days. The American viewer, hitherto regarded as insatiable in the matter of idiot lantern risibility, has decided that he can have too much of a bad thing, and is switching off in a big way. The result is heavy unemployment among TV comics and script-writers.

Ernie Kovacs, one of America's leading clowns, believes that the slump is only temporary. A fad, he calls it—"Nowadays everyone looks at a comic, any comic, and says he can't last. It's fashionable. If you tune in someone and shake your head sadly and say poor guy he's finished, no matter how funny he is you're not going to laugh at him!" British viewers will feel, I have no doubt, that for once they are ahead of their transatlantic fellow-victims, that they have beaten them to the switch. Our native comics have been under a cloud for a long time. "Did you see the — Show last night?" our postman asks over his 7th cuppa (I believe he deigns to drink only at houses exhibiting the tell-tale aerials). "Terrible, terrible. He's pathetic. Fancy getting paid for that stuff! I get more laughs down at the local." And our postman has been moaning like this for at least two years.

It is time, surely, that the B.B.C. and the I.T.A. squared up to the problem of television humour. At its best it is the most precious thing on the air, but



KENNETH WILLIAMS

TONY HANCOCK

HATTIE JACQUES

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humour operates under the law of diminishing returns and custom stalets its infinite Variety. There simply isn't enough of the commodity to go round on the present extraordinarily liberal rations scheduled by the two main TV channels. In my youth a film comedy from Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, the Marx Brothers or the Aldwych troupe was an event, something quite outside the run of the mill and something to write home about. So too was the appearance at the local theatre of the great comic with his polished gags, perfect timing and set turn. In literature we expect no more than a handful of good light novels a year, and even in the field of humorous magazines it is difficult enough—as readers must know—to find Laughter holding both his sides with any kind of regularity.

Why then should the television boys

imagine that the little screen can achieve original mirth nightly? The script-writers and comics struggle manfully against fearful odds and growing public hostility, and inevitably they fail. A society for the prevention of cruelty to comedians should insist on the restitution of status and scarcity value.

These strictures apply without exception to all native comics, but I should like to put in a good word for the programme "Hancock's Half-hour," which has been running successfully at intervals for several months. Tony Hancock specializes in the dead-pan approach to humour made popular (but see paragraph one) by so many Americans. He avoids the conventional gimmicks of the business and leans heavily on his

script-writers, Alan Simpson and Ray Galton, and a strong supporting team of minor comics and bit-players. I can only say that at the moment, while fearing satiety, I find his show more appetizing than that of any other member of the "miserable fraternity."

Preoccupied by endless multi-channel cricket commentary I have had less energy than usual to devote to equally serious items. Nothing generous can be said of the B.B.C.'s adaptation of Edgar Wallace's *The Case of the Frightened Lady*, which was dreary in the extreme. People of my generation have fond memories of Wallace's holiday thrillers, but it is obvious enough from this revival that his loosely constructed and untidily conversational rambles in the underworld have failed to stay the course. A bad choice.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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1

2